melodious metrical concetts, apent the wheel, which on the cover he calls "The Hards and the Bicycle," and on the title page "Lyra Cyclus," points two peculiar truths. In the first place, that it was inevitable that an instrument of so general use in daily life should creep into literature, and secondly, how much very good poetry is printed in the newspapers is really worthy preserving in the library

"Lyra Cyclus" are not original with Mr. Redmond. He night have quoted Montaigne on his title page: "I have gathered a posic of other men's flowers. and nothing but the thread that binds them is note own." The poems have been gathered from newspapers and magazines. But Mr. Redmond displays a themselves ready wit both in the selection of matter for his symposium of the bards and in a preface full of the macrow of good things.

He says he did not intend an obvious pun in observing that the bleycle is most decidedly a revolutionary agent. In sundry regards the consequences of its advent have been amazing, and be points them Viewed from a purely material standpoint, it has wrought wondrous transfer the daily walk and conversa tion of the man and woman of the period In fact, they no longer walk, but ride and as for their conversation it may be said that it is mostly eigenmeribed within the circumference of the which Certain lines of productive industry it has made; some it has marred; others it has modified. It has changed one-half of the civilized world from a sedentary set of bipeds to an aggregation enamored of outdoor life, and rejoicing in those exthe parent and the promoter. Although a "thing of beauty" of itself, to say nothing or being so frequently the silent, if not al-ways obedient, steed and servant of "beauty superlative," yet few would have predicted only a little while ago, that the domain of literature itself would be incidentally enlarged and adorned through the coming of the wheel. Nevertheless, so it is A new school of poesy has arisen to celebrate the tribulations and triumphs of the bicycling world. "The Bards of the Bicycle" have invaded Heli-con in force, and have drunk deep from the waters of the sacred rill-

Most cycling poetry is fresh and brisk. natural, gay and wholesome. It has the flavor of outdoors and the vigor of health What it lacks is the real elements of poetry. Subtlety, sentiment and imagery. It makes good cursory reading, and the present exhitst is valuable as an index of the first emanations of what is bound to develop into an important branch of literature. At present it is nearly all at a level with dogral, though some few of the poems in ballad form have a more elevated tone to

Perhaps it was the compiler's consciou ness that the best contribution to his collection is Harriet Prescott Spofford's "Bicycle Song" that prompted him to place it first

> Light upon the pedal, Firm upon the seat, Fortune's wheel in fetters Firm beneath our feet. Leave the clouds behind us, Split the wind we meet, Swift, ob, swift and silent, Rolling down the street!

When the dark comes, twinkling Like fireflies in the wheat, Bells before us tinkling Fairly and feat. By the gate of gardens, Where the dusk is sweet, Slide like apparitio Through the startled street:

Spearmen in the desert Maybe fly as fleet, Northern lights in heaven Sparkles on the sleet! h, swift and silent Just before we greet The outer edge of nothing Torn rolling up the street

An ingenious thymester on the Chicago Tribune had adapted the Mother Goos melodies to the bicycle. Thus the strange case of the high-jumping cow and the dish which eloped with the spoon is thus para-

Hy-diddle-diddle, The bicycle riddle, The strangest part of the deal: Just keep your accounts, And add the amounts; The "sundries" cost more than the wheel

And the epicurean equation struck by Mr. and Mrs. Spratt is thus applied to their Jack Spratt's

Trousers would flap; His wife she made hers tight, And so between the two, you see They kept the average right.

The familiar conjugal infelicity of Peter the pumpkin eater, is happily solved in this Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater.

Had a wife and couldn't keep her, Took an axe and smashed her bike, So she had to stay at home at night Another writer gives us this paragraph

Take her up tenderly. Lift her with care Fashloned so slenderly, Young and so fair! One more unforch-

Unate-pardon our weep-Trying to scorch, And she's all in a heap -Edmond Redmond, Rochester, N. Y The Up-to-date Cyclopedia is the name

a new octave, which is to become a monthly. It is unique in many of its features and strikingly interesting. It contains what one might reasonably look for in any first-class cyclopedia which is really up-to-date; but promise of the publishers is that vir tually nothing found in its pages will be found in any other cyclopedia. These two statements are a key to its plan, and are significant of its value. No large cyclopedia is or can be really up-to-date, because of its magnitude and cost. This one, concerning itself only with what it and of permanent interest, can revised every month and virtually mad entirely new every year or two. It aims to record the world's progress in all its de partments of knowledge, but a glance through this first number indicates that special prominence is to be given informadon concerning the states and nations of the world. If it is true, as claimed, that the average reader inquires more concern ing things of the past three years than smoorning things of the past three cen luries, then the Up-to-date Cyclopedia will he of especial value for such inquiries will most often answer it will be the plan new monthly issue to reprint the atters of current interest and late facts. making only such changes and additions as new information warrants. The changes

Edmond Redmond's collection of merry | in any one month are not so great that many are likely to want every issue; some will want a revised copy only once a year; others so often perhaps as every two months, but editors will find the monthly revises valuable. New York: American Publishers Corporation.

> out making accurate calculations it is safe to hazard the statement that durng the last two years John Lane has in troduced more new writers to American eaders than any other Englisher publisher In fact, the names on most of his books are names of strangers to us, known only in the present achievement of the book in hard. One of these unknown, rather hitherunknown, writers, is W. Carleton Dawe. He is probably a favorite in his native Periodical literature has possibly given him a place of permanency in stalls. Precious little British periodical fiction comes over to this side. But Dawe is a good acquaintance to make. It will take greater achievements than are bound between the two covers of "Kakemonos" to make him a permanency; but this is an agreeable introduction, and will find many

grateful readers.
"Kakemonos" is a book of tales of the far East. The extreme southeast of Asia is the lay of his stories. He writes with an effortiess, pleasing, but undistinguished style. He necessarily illumines with local color, and this he does interestingly and with assurance and ease that denotes acquaintance with his locale

The first story, "On the Banks of the Menam," is an account of the writer's strange adventures in obeying the invitation of one of the monarch's favorites and the tragic result. "His Japanese Wife" is a tale built on a peculiar Oriental prejudice against mixed marriages. The other tales, "Palo Condore," "A Night in Canton." "Why Mrs. Wetherton Went Home," "The Phantom Junk," "The Passenger Aft," "Chief Officer Grover," and "Sayonara," are all narratives of China and Siam, and are all about equally interesting. (New York: John Lane. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

Paul Bourget, it will be remembered, brought and won a suit against his French publishers some months ago, to compel them to give him an accounting. His ex ample inspired his fellow novelist, Galdos, to a similar course, and the Madrid lower court has pronounced in his favor. As in Bourget's case, there is no question of violation of contract, but the plea is that author has the right to know from actual inspection of accounts, not merely from statements rendered, just how his books are selling.

There is no other Englishman who writes a detective story to compare with Fergus Hume. He has a gentus for this species of fiction, which, in its subtle and unique character, eclipses the talent of many an other writer of more polish but less incisiveness. Hame's only formidable riva to his regency to this branch of literature is our own purveyor of detective stories, Anna Katharine Green.

Those who read the "Monsieur Judas Affair," "The Mystery of a Hansom "The Carboncle Clew," and the Chinese jar puzzle will receive gratefully the news that their author has written a new story. It is called by the fascinatingly lurid title, "Tracket by a Tatto."
Detective stories are in fact what this
title suggests in sound, so there is assurance of no humbuggery or dissembling. And there inct arr.

The first chapter opens regularly and

correctly with a murder. Coincident to and surrounding the murder is a deep. dark and seemingly impenetrable mystery. A man is found dead in the tack room of a public house in one of the most dis-reputable of London alieys. Accomplices of the murder seek to frustrate the efforts of the detective on the case in discovering the criminal. There is not much to work on. One of the principal clews is a cross tatooed on the victim's arm. But the deold and valued friend. Fanks, alias Rixton whom we have met in other cases, and like virtue, which be represents, he triumplis in the end. The meshes of the mystery are skillfully woven and the final outcome is at no time apparent before th last chapter. "Tracked by a Tattoo" is calculated to add laurels to Mr. Hume's already decorated brow, for it is the kind of a detective story one likes to read, the kind that fosters excitement and sustains the enigma from beginning to end. (New York; F. Warne & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

Mere sentiment is not always substantial. and there must be substance for satisfac-tion. So if A. J. Dawson's volume of short stories lived up, or down, to its title, "Mere Sentiment," there would be really less in it to commend than there actually is. There are an even dozen of these stories. All of them have something to recommend them, even if it be the mere sentiment which is their common characteristic. In their entirety what most impresses the writer is the broad cosmopolitanism of the writer. The geography of this little book embraces the four corners of the earth, from Fleet street to the Bush and from Rio to the south of Africa. But that is the British of it. With a sweep of the hand the earth is sweet under their thumb. But of all the stories the sentiment of "The Idealist Club" is truest and surest. A member of such a club reads for them his master plece, not confident of receiving the num of their praise, but conscious that the less discriminating world beyond and outside will applaud. But when he has finished the president of the club compliments him on the achievement of an ideal piece of workmanship. The world, he says, will not appreciate the ideal. The club does. There t shall remain, sacred to their appreciation So the professor is honored with knight hood by the idealists, his chef d'ocuvre is burned in an iron brazier, and he was spared the possibility of the "world out conder" not appreciating him. Is there an appreciation so lofty that it satisfies though that of all the world besides is de (New York, John Lane, Washing ton: Brentanos.)

The house in which Bishop Clement C. Moore wrote his immortal ballad, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," is still standing in West Twenty-second street, New York city, the same street in which lived S. F. R. Morse, who invented the tele graph. The poem was written about 1840, for the amusement of the author's ow

Herbert Spencer plays billiards rather well for a philosopher, and he is never wholly sorry when he wins the game Once, at the Atheneum Club, he played fifty up with an antagonist, who began by putting the red into the top pocket, and getting into position for the spot stroke and ran out without giving the author of The Senthetic System" a chance of ng his cue. It was very provoking and at last Mr. Spencer felt constrained to speak. "Sir." he said, "a certain ability at games of skill is an indication of a well-balanced mind; but advoitness such as you have just displayed is, I must inform you, strong presumptive evidence of a mis-spent youth."

The following interesting letter was written in March from this city to the Byers, the author of the famous song, editor of Current Liferature, by 8. H. M. Dear Sir: "Sherman's March to the Sea" was written by me in a little tent while I was a prisoner of war one cold January morning, at Columbia, S. C. I had gotten all the news of the march I could from a colored man, who brought wood, etc., into the prison stockade. He also brought me an occasional news paper (rebel) wrapped or rolled inside a loaf of bread. One night, while walking up and down the prison pen in the dark, I was reflecting on the great campaign. Early the next morning, lying on my cold bed of straw, I put my thoughts of the night before in verse, not dreaming that it would ever be heard of again. A comrade in prison composed music for it, and in a day almost I was the most famous man in prison. It was sung, copied, recited, by everybody there, and soon a comrade carried it through the rebel lines, and the song was taken up by the whole of Sher-man's army. It was sung in nearly every theater in the land, and would have been sung in Ford's Theater the night of Lincolns' assassination had it not been for

as he brings to the happenings of his own time, and he has made the great discovery that his own locality is stored with the naterial upon which the histories of development and tendency must be based. Such work as that which has been carried on at the Johns Hopkins University by Prof. Herbert B. Adams, has been of great value of freshening the historical feeling and uncovering the mass of historical material which has been so largely overlooked in this country. The recent historians have touched the sources of political habit and character, the springs of spiritual move-ment, much more clearly than their predeessors. They have visibly widened the popular no less than the professional conception of bistorical writing; they have made it inclusive of those more clusive but penetrating ideas and influences in which the secret of national character and spirit lies. There is, in consequence, a large and increasing number of well-trained scholars and writers in America, who are making faithful and searching investigations in many sections, and who are rapidly bringng the events of our national life into real

"Further than this," says Mr. Mable, "th public interest has deepened and widened with the increasing activity of students and writers. Historical societies have sprung up in all parts of the country. His torical places, houses, localities and ob-

bright, young officers at the Brooklyn navy yard, Licut. Tappan, assigned to the work of organizing the libraries on shipboard and ing them supplied with fresh litera-In the old days, a few books of travel, a lible and some works on sea-manship and gunnery composed a ship's library. Now, there is a wide range of literature represented on its shelves. There are two libraries on each ship—one for the officers and one for the crew. On the larger vessels, the officers' library comprises 1,000 volumes, chiefly historical and technical works. The library for the crew comprises seventy volumes

The classification and indexing of these books are done at the navy yard, under the plan of the American Library Association. There are thirty-one classes of sterature, beginning with "general works," and ending with "foreign fiction and essays." Books are issued on shiptourd twice a week, under the customary library estrictions. Each ship has printed catalogues. Copies of these catalogues are kept on file at the Brooklyn navy yard, and the officer in charge takes a survey of these lists at intervals for the purpos of detecting obsolete books. These books are recalled, and if they are no longer available for any use, they are sold. Meantime accessions to the libraries are made from time to time. When a new ship roes into commission, a complete library must

STORIES OF HOLMAN.

Honesty, Determination and Vigilance.

Perhaps the brightest thing the late William S. Holman ever said in Congress was his reply to Representative Horr, of Michigan, during a discussion on an Indian appropriation bill. Mr. Borr was trying to have the salaries of some Indian agents in Michigan raised from \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year. Acting in his usual role, Mr. Hohuan objected, whereupon Mr. Horr replied that that objection reminded him of the attitude of a distinguished Indianian, who, when he sarned that his State had gone Republican, declared that he would rather have given cents than to have had that happe This was intended for Holman binuself, who replied with utmost suavity that the onig differences between the Indianian in ques tion and the gentleman from Michigan was that the former would have paid the 25 cents out of his own pocket instead of being liberal at the Government's expense. It is about the ever-ready phrase, "I oblect," that the incidents of Mr. Holman's career cluster. A Representative who was anxious to have a pet measure incorporate in an appropriation bill, and knew it would

be impossible while Holman was in the House, devised the scheme of bribing the

barber for a dollar to keep Mr. Holman in

hearing, but so far as I am concerned, I shall not give it a second." Upon anateurs he was especially severe.

A few days after Meyerbeer's death a young admirer of his called upon the com-poser of "William Tell" with an elegy which he had written in honor of his idol, "Well," said kessini, after hearing the composition played over, "if you really want my honest opinion, I think it would have been better if you had died and Meyerbeer had written an elegy." Sometimes the amatuers would endeavor to brine him into a compliment by sending him a little present. Theruse, however, was but seldom effectual. A hodding composer once accompanied his new composition with a Stilton, hoping, of course, to have a letter praising the work. The letter came, but all it said was: "Thanks; I like the cheese

STORIES OF FAMOUS COMPOSER

The Caustic Wit of Rossini and the

Grim Humor of Beethoven.

than the master who gave us an immortal setting of "William Tell." Rossini's whim-

sicality extended even to his birthday. Having been born in leap-year, on February 29, he had of course a birthday only once in four years; and when he was seventy-two

he facetiously invited his friends to cele

the best specimens of his wit were shown inconnection with brother composers, "You

know," he said one day, speaking to a friend, "you know what pretty dance tunes

Anber has always written"-Auber being

as likely to write cauce tones as Rossini was to write a sermon. The massire sel-

dom went to the opera or to any place of amusement, but he could not resist the

temptation of hearing one of Wagner's works It was Tannhauser" Afterward,

when asked to give his opinion of the opera, he said: "It is too important and too clab-

orate a work to be judged after a ringle

brate his eighteenth birthday.

Never, sarely, was composer more witty

very much." Rossini's wittleisus indeed bubbled forth at all times and under all circumstances. On one occasion a gentleman called upon him to enlist his aid in procuring for nim an engagement at the opera. He was a drummer, and had taken the precaution to bring his instrument. Rossini said he would hear him "play," and it was decided that he should show off in the overture to "Semiramide." The very first bar of the overture centains a temolo for the dram, and when this had been performed, the player remarked "Now I have a rest of seventy-eight bars; these of course I will skip." This was too good a chance to be lost. "Oh, no," said the composer; by all means count the seventy-eight bars. I particularly wish to hear those."

Some of these anecdotes of Rossini re-

mind us that composers, as a rule, have not figured aminbity as critics of each other. Handel swore that Gluck knew no more about counterpoint than his cook! Wester presounced Beethoven a madman and Haydn said of a brother musician that "he played the fiddle like a hog." Liszt cas particularly severe upon fellow-artistes. Someone was once playing to him a composition be evidently did not care for, "What is that," he asked. "It is Bennett's 'Multi of Orleans' sonata," was the cepty, "Ah," said the virtuose, "what a pity that the original manuscript did not meet with the same fate as Joan." In this connection a good story is told of the late Victor He was informed one day that a rival composer took every opportunity of declaring that his, Masse's, name was execrable. "He untotains! have not alent." said Masse; "I always declare he has plenty. We both know we lie." But perhaps better than this was the opinion of Wagner expressed by Offenbach. Wagner had Just published his "Renzi," and off went a copy to Offenhach, with a request that he would say what he thought of it.

Now Offenbuch had previously read some of Wagner's poems, and had made fun of them, a circumstance well known to Wag-ner. After some three weeks the acore of "Rienzi" was returned to its composer, with a slip on which was written: "Dear Wagner, your music is trash; stick to poetry." This, of course, enraged Wagner greatly and some months later he went out with one of his celebrated brochures denouncing the Jews. It was a fine opportunity for revenge-Offenbach being an Israelite-and the brochure was in the hands of Offenbach in no time. Two days ctapsed and Wagner has the pamphlet back When he opened it, this is what he found written on the front page. "Doar Wag-ner, your brochure is rot; stick to music."

Haydn was a great ad sex, and some of the prettiest things were said about women. One specimen must suffice. The celebrated Mrs. Billington was a great friend of his and Sir. Joshua. Reynolds had painted her portrait. Hards went to see the picture when it was fin-ished. "Yes," he said to the artist, "it is very good. But you have made one mistake; you have painted Mrs. Billington listening to the angels, whereas, the

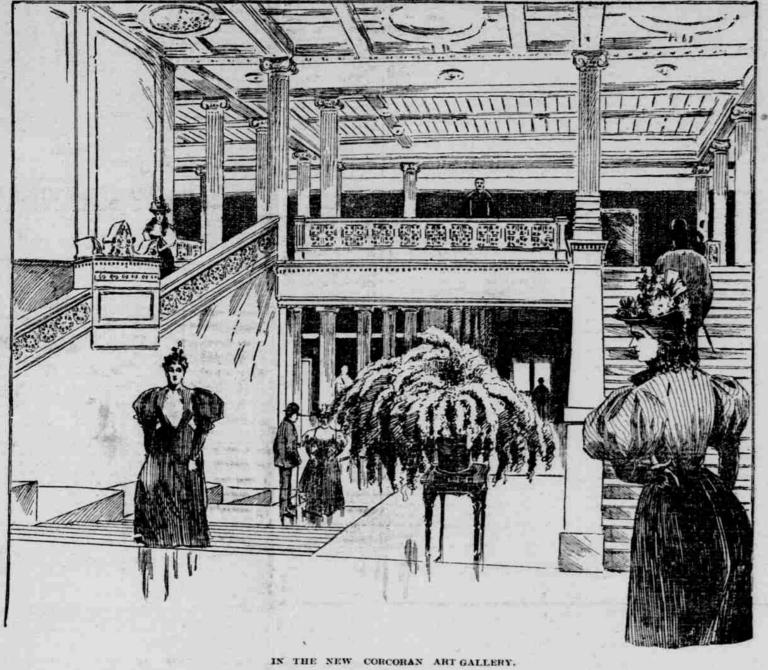
Berlioz, the eminent French composent had a caustic wit. He could not emitted Each, and he used to call Handel "a nig hog," a "musician of the stomach." this he was paid out by Mendelssohn, who declared that after touching a score of Berlioz, soap and hot water were necessary, Berlioz, however, had his musical nero, and that here was Beetheven Touch Beethoven irreverently, and his ire was kindled. There is a certain passage for the double bassos in one of the master's scores which was at one time believed to be almost impossible of execution. Now Habeneck conducted a performance of this work in Paris, and gave the passage in question to the 'cellos. Berlioz, who was present, met Habeneck soon after, and asked him when he meant to give the passage as Beethoven intended it to be given. "Never, as long as I live," Habeneck. "Well, we'll wait," replied Berijoz; "don't let it be long."

Speaking of Beethoven, that master's bumor was rather of the grim kind, re-sembling more the satire of Carlyle than anything else. Swift himself never made worse puns with more pleasure, or de vised queerer spellings, or more miserable rhymes, or bestowed more nicknames on his friends. In one letter he remarks to his publisher that he can write nothing that is not obligate, having come into the world himself with an obligate accompaniment; and he can even ascend to loke of asking his friend Zmeskall not to dis-card him because he had called with-out a card of invitation. And there is a better card story than this-a real Carlyle specimen. The composer's brother had a little property of his own, and was very proud of it. One day be called on Beethoven, and left a card inscribed: 'Johann van Beethoven, land proprietor.' Next day he had it returned to him, written on the back: "L van Beethoven, bram proprietor."-Chambers' Journal.

I know a young man who, in cleaning his wheel a day or two ago, struck one of the spokes in such a way that it emitted a clear ione, and on a little investiga-tion he was able to find six spokes that furnished as many notes of an octave The other two notes were missing, but niight have been easily secured by tightening or loosening other spakes. As it was, he was able to play a few simple drs, either in whole or in part -Springfield Union.

Limited Diet.

Dr. A. H. Hoy declares that fruit is bad for the bealth. If the man who wants to be healthy and live to a good old would only cross off from his bill of fare everythingthatevery doctor has pronounced injurious he wouldn't do a thing but starve to death.-Curago Post.



that dire event. The song secured me at | jeets of every kind are being marked, cared | be selected for her, and it requires a nice | the chair as long as possible, that the time once the friendship of the great Sherman -a friendship that lasted till his death. He gave me a place on his staff, and when the war was over he was instrumental in having me appointed to the foreign service of our country. My new book, as you may be brought to light. The reports of know, is an amplification of the song the public libraries show a demand for hisinto a narrative epic poem of the great The original song gave its name to the campaign. I have pelted all this down for you in haste, as I am leaving in an hour for my bome in Des Moines.

The International Studio for May re tains its soft green cover color, but changes the design. The change is not an improvement. Withal heavy, there was in that very quality something attractively substantial, and the design was more agreeably decorative. But perhaps Mr. Lan s merely experimenting. The contents are as varied and valuable as beretofore. One of the large supplementary pages is an innovation in magazine embellishmentit is an embossed illustration. It gives an exact idea of the effect in the modeling of Alexandre Charpentier, one of the French artists who excels in bas relief work. The Japanese drawings of Mortimer Menpes introduce a new name to the generality of American students, and, from the ex amples of his pen work, one which it will be profitable to match. One of his pictures is reproduced in colors. It is a procession of Japanese archers It is rather disappointing in lights, there being merely the suggestion of whatlighter treat nent would have given. Norman Garstin tells of the work of T. Millie Dorr. There is an article on the choice and designing of simple furniture and one on the devel opment of village architecture in England. The illustations are quite the feature they should be in a magazine of this charac-ter and the studio talk from all art centers is valuable to the artist

Hamilton W. Mabie is making his introductory page in Current Literature conspicuously readable. Each month brings new thoughts for the thoughtful, expre dons of ideas on current or contemporary topics, which are read with pleasure This month he devotes his page to an examination of the facts and reasons of ou growth in historical study. For it is a fact that, while of the last generation, Motley Prescott and Irving turned respectively to the Netherlands, Mexico and Granada Bancroft was the first to find his field at his own door, and he worked it with life ong fidelity.

Now, however, against Bancroft's impressive background, we have a score of lighter but not less valuable works. Mr. Fiske is one of the leaders in this get eration, and by his side is his senior, Parkman. Others are Prof. Rhodes, Mr. Shouler McMaster, Prof. Woodrow Wilson Dr. Edward Eggleston, to say nothing of Baird's and Prof. Henry Baird's expioration of the special streams of influence in the national development, and the his-torical romances of Gilbert Parker, C. G. D. Roberts and Grace King

Mr. Mable thinks one of the roost potent reasons for the new order is the growth of universities and colleges. Twenty years ago history was taught, as a rule, in the most perfunctory fashion: the text-book was in possession of the field; the stu-dent learned his stint, heard a few lecures, and that was the end of the matter, Today, under direction and guidance, the student deals with the sources and authorities as directly as his instructor. He studies past events with as deep an interest for and cherished as never before. Private students are everywhere digging into the soil about them, and there is reason to hope not only that true civic pride is being developed, but that significant material torical books, which is not only unprece dented in extent, but which seems to evidence serious and systematic study or the part of a rapidly increasing number of men and women. It is significant that so many people are looking up their pedigrees and investigating their personal re-lations with the past; that ancestral participation in the Colonial and Revolutionary struggles is coming to be highly prized There is no doubt a geat deal of snobbishness and some valgarity in this particular development of the historical feeling but there is something real behind it Americans are coming at last to that metional self-consciousness which not only includes all sections of the national life,

but the past as well. A few years ago the celebrated Potter family, of which Bishop Potter is a me held a reunion, the chief feature of whice was a banquet. During the banquet the various heads of the different families of Potters arose and gave a short account of the pedigrees and deeds of their ancestors, and each head seemed to be able to demonstrate that their branch oldest and most renowned. After all the speakers bad finished Hon. William M. Evarts, who was present as the legal adviser of the New York branch, was called upor for a speech and responded by saying that he felt there was little left for him to say but after listening to the ancestry and history of the family he felt he could cast his eyes toward heaven and cry, "Oh, Lord! thou art the clay and we are the Potters."

An estimate has been made from publish yearly statistics showing that of \$500, 000 spent in twenty of the leading libraries of this country, a little over \$170,000 was devoted to books, while the other expenses consumed \$358,000. In the Mercantile Library of New York city, it cost 14 cents to circulate a volume; in the Astor 14 1-2 cents are spent on each volume, or 27 cents on each reader; in Columbia College Library, 21 1-2 cents per reader; in the Library Company of Philadelphia, 26 cents er volume, or 10 cents per head.

The book possessions of the Navy De partment represent a vast library. In the department here are more than 24,000 books, chiefly on technical topics. Every one of the departments at Washington has library, and some of them are well with light literature, which is issued to the cierks without charge. Not one of these libraries is as large as the floating library of the Navy Department. On the fifty vessels of the Navy are not less than 50,000 volumes.

These 50,000 volumes are not on ship They are divided among the fifty ships, and many are duplicates Still as much variety as possible is preserved, be-cause the officer who is serving on the Cincinnati today may be on the Maine tomorrow. There has always been a liorary aboard ship in the Navy, but until a few years ago so little attention was paid to the ship libraries that officers who wanted reading matter took it with them on a cruise. There was little light reading, and the technical works and reference books aboard ship were obsolete. Now the Navy Department has one of its discrimination to make a choice of books. Rose Hawthorne Lothrop, in her memories

working. There is something irresistibly fascinating about an intimate glance into the personal characteristics of our writers, and what she tells is received at this value Hawthorne wrote principally in the morning, with that absorption and regularity which characterize the labor of men who are remembered. When his health began to show signs of giving away in 1861 it was suggested by a relative, whose intellect, strength of will and appetite for theories were of equally splendid proportions, that he only needed a high desk at which to stand when writing to be restored to all his pristine vigor. With his usual tolerance of possible wisdom, he permitted such a desk to be arranged in the tower

study at the Wayside, but, with his

exorable contempt for mistakes of judg-

ment, he never, after a brief trial, used it for writing. Upon his simple desk of walnut wood. of which he had nothing to complain, although it barely served its purpose, like most of the inexpensive objects about him, was a charming Italian bronze—Hercules in the act of strangling a goose aid of drivers of the quill. He wrote with a gold pen. He leaned very much upon his left arm while writing, often holding the top of the manuscript book lovingly his left hand, quite in the attitude of a boy. At the end of a sentence or two he we sometimes unconsciously bow his head, as if bidding good-bye to a thought well rid of for the present in its new garb of ink.

In writing he had little care for paper and ink. To be sure, his large, square man script was firmly bound into covers, and the paper was usually of a neutral blue, and when one says he had little care for his mechanical materials it is meant that he had no servile anxiety as to how they looked to another person, for that he loved his manuscript books. There was a certain air of humorous respect about the titles which he wrote with a flourish, as com pared with the involved minuteness of the rest of the script, and the latter covers every limit of the page in a devoted way His letters were formed obscurely, though most fascinatingly, and he was almost frelic some in his indifference to the comfort of the compositor.

Still he had none of the frantic reco siderations of Scott or Balzac. If he mad a change in a word, it was while it was fresh, and no one could obliterate who he had written with a more fearless blot of the finger, or one which looked mor earnest and interesting. There was n scratching or quidding in the man which he fought for his art. Each day he thought out the problems he had set him-self before beginning to write, and if a word offended him, as he recorded the result, he thrust it back into chaos before the ink had dried. He sometimes destroyed first drafts, of which his family knew not ing. Indeed, they have his own word for it that he "passed the day in writing stories and the night in burning them. Nevertheless, his tendency is known to have been that of thinking out his plots and scenes and characters, and tran ing them rapidly without further change

Stuffed With Reform Dinner. Perhaps Grover Cleveland wanted to nstrate that be is still a "Stuffed Prophet."-Milwaukee Sentinel.

might be utilized in rushing through the amendment. The barber shaved very slowly, and before he gave his customer chance to say whether he would have a hair-cut or not the shears had removed a of her father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., gives implete the task. This was done with ponderous deliberation, and by another adroit ove the Indiana man was entrapped into having his head shampoved, and altogether the barber worked forty-five minutes for his dollar. But just as Mr. Holman was passing through the door into the House and the amendment was in its final stages, clear and loud came forth his words, "I object. Thirty seconds more would have been

enough. It once happened that Mr. Holman was walking about the basement of the Capitol and endeavored to go through a doorway guarded by a one-legged veteran.

"Can't go through there," said the guardian of the portal, unconcernedly. "I am a member of Congress," said Mr. Holman, quietly.

"I don't know as that makes any differ ence," said the doorkeeper, "unless you come from a district where the people walk through wood. The door is screwed

"Then what are you doing here?" in quired Holman, with curlosity naturally excited.

"I am here for \$3.20 a day. There is a fellow from the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry watching the other side of it, and mebbe he can tell you more than I can By a circuitous route through the committee rooms Mr. Holman reached the other side of the door, and there sat another doorkeeper reading a newspaper who acknowledged that the been screwed up. These two men were shortly looking after a chance to eatr \$3.20 a day somewhere else.-Indianapolis

Washington's Business Head. Col Lee was once dining at Mou Vernon, and in the course of conversation Vashington asked him if he knew wher he could purchase a pair of good carriage "Why, yes, General," answered "I have a fine pair, but you can't Lee. get them."
"Why not?" demanded the astonished

"Because you never pay more than half price for anything, and I want full price

Mrs. Washington was so tickled at the panter that she fell to laughing, and was joined by her favorite parrot, perche near by.
"Ah, Lee," said the general, not at all

ruffled, "you are a funny fellow. See, even that bird is laughing at you."

That there was a suspicion of truth in
Lee's implied accusation of closeness at a
bargain is borne out by the well-known

fact that Washington was one of the keen est men at a horse trade. It is also told of him that, having settled for a job of plastering at his home, he after ward found he had overpaid the labore by fifteen shillings. Meanwhile the man had died and his widow had married again.

but the general collected the overplus of he second husband. One had to be careful in marrying widows those days. If a widow wished to clear herself of all her deceased husband's obliga tions the second time she must be with nothing on her but her shift. It is sup-

something besides at her second nuptials. -Barymore Herald.